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VOL. 44—No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE.—REDUCED PRICES.

The Opera will be given on the same scale of magnificence as during the regular season. The Pit has been greatly enlarged for the accommodation of the public. Restrictions in regard to evening dress will not be enforced. The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Mdlle. TITIENS.—Last Time of "Oberon."—Last Night but Five.

THIS EVENING (Saturday) August 4th, WEBER'S Grand Romantic Opera,
OBERON.

Rezia, Mdlle. Titiens; Puck, Mdlle. Sinico; Fatima, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini; Scherastin, Mr. Santley; Rabekun, Signor Gassier; Almazor, Signor Bossi; Oberon, Signor Bettini; Sir Huon, Signor Tassa (his first appearance in that character).

Last Night but Four.—Grand Extra Night.—Benefit of Mr. SANTLEY.—"Il Trovatore."

MONDAY NEXT, August 6th, will be performed VERDI'S Opera, IL TROVATORE. Manrico, Signor Tassa (his first appearance in that character); Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Bossi; Ruiz, Signor Capello; Azucena, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini; Ines, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Leonora by Mdlle. Titiens.

Last Night but Three.—Last Time of "Der Freischütz."

TUESDAY NEXT, August 7th, WEBER'S Grand Romantic Opera, DER FREISCHÜTZ. Rodolfo, Dr. Gunz; Caspar, Mr. Santley; Kuno, Signor Bossi; Kiliانو, Signor Gassier; L'Eremita, Signor Foli; Otoccar, Signor Capello; Zamei, Signor Taccani; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; Bridesmaid, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Agata, by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor Arditi.

Last Night but Two.—Benefit, and Last Appearance, of Mdlle. ILMA DE MURSKA. Grand Combined Entertainment.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, August 8th, the performances will commence with the First Act of BELLIINI'S Opera, LA SONNAMBULA. Elvino, Mr. Hohler; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Gassier; Alessio, Signor Bossi; Il Notario, Signor Casabeni; and Anna, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. To which will be added the Third Act of MAYERBECK'S chef d'œuvre, LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul de Nançais, Signor Tassa; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Gassier; Meru, Signor Bossi; Bois-Rose, Signor Capello; Marcello, Signor Foli; Urbano, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor Arditi. To conclude with the Last Act of DONIZETTI'S Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Edgardo, Signor Tassa; Enrico Aston, Signor Gassier; Raimondo, Signor Bossi; Arturo, Signor Capello; and Lucia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Conductor—Signor Arditi.

Last Night but One.—Last Time of "Norma."

THURSDAY NEXT, August 9th, BELLIINI'S Grand Tragic Opera, NORMA. Pollione, Signor Tassa; Oroveso, Signor Foli; Flavio, Signor Capello; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Sinico; and Norma by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor Arditi.

LAST NIGHT.

SATURDAY, August 11th (Positively the Last Night).

Particulars will be forthwith announced.

Boxes, Stalls, and places may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre (two doors from Pall Mall), which is open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from Ten till Seven. Places may also be secured by telegram (or by letter, remitting the price of the desired location according to the published price), addressed to Mr. Nugent, "Box Office, Her Majesty's Theatre," to whom post-office orders must be made payable. Tickets also at the principal Librarians and Musicians.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NEXT WEDNESDAY.—

ONE MORE GREAT POPULAR BALLAD CONCERT. Mr. Sums Karsyas will sing:—"My own, my guiding star"—Macfarren;—"Auld Lang Syne" (with chorus)—Scottish;—"Come if you dare" (with chorus)—Percell. Other arrangements duly announced. The concert will commence at Five o'clock, and the Palace will be brilliantly illuminated at dusk. One Shilling only. Half-a-crown and Shilling Reserved Seats now on sale at Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall, Nov.—Upwards of Seventy Thousand persons have attended these popular concerts.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—ROYAL

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN. Every evening.—Mdlle. Liebhadt, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Master Bonnay, Mr. H. W. Hill, Mr. Winterbottom, and M. Wieniawski. Band of 100 performers. To commence on Monday next, August 6. Programme for Monday Evening Next. Part I.—Overture, Leonora, Beethoven; Gounod's Meditation on Bach's Prelude, Violin Solo, Mr. H. W. Hill, Harp, Mr. Trust, Organ, Mr. Pittman; War March of the Priests, Mendelssohn; Fantasia, Xylophone, Master Bonnay (his first appearance at these concerts), Meyseder; Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in E flat, Schumann; Song, Mdlle. Liebhadt; Fantasia, Violin, Di tanti palpiti, M. Wieniawski, Paganini; Overture, The Jacobites, Mellon; The National Anthem. Part II.—Grand Orchestral Selection, L'Africaine (arranged by Mr. Alfred Mellon), commencing with the Overture and concluding with the celebrated Moroccan P'Union, performed by 88 instrumentalists; Fantasia, Pianoforte, Lucia di Lammermoor, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, List; Song, Mdlle. Liebhadt; New Waltz, Marie (cornet obligato, Mr. Reynolds), Col. Baillie; Solo Bassoon, Air Varié, Mr. J. Winterbottom, Baumann; Extravaganza, Lancer's Quadrille, Echoes of London, C. Cooté. CONDUCTOR—MR. ALFRED MELLON. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray. The refreshments are supplied by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. Promenade, Amphitheatre Stalls, and Amphitheatre, 1s.; Private Boxes from 22 2s. to 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. No charge for booking. No restriction as to evening dress. The Box Office is open daily from 10 till 5. Doors open at half-past 7, the concerts to commence at Eight.

MADLE. LIEBHARDT will sing Guglielmo's new ballad, "The Lover and the Bird" (composed expressly for Mdlle. Liebhadt) at Mr. Mellon's Concerts, Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of August.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE APPOINTMENT of a TENOR SINGER to the vacant place in Durham Cathedral will be made on Friday, the 23rd day of September next.

The Trial will take place on the Tuesday and Wednesday preceding, immediately after Morning Service.

All applications, testimonials, and inquiries as to the office, must be sent in addressed to Mr. EDWARD PERLE, Chapter Clerk and Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his office, in the College, Durham, on or before Friday, the 14th day of September Next. And no Candidate, whose age much exceeds 25 years, will be accepted.

The travelling expenses of the Candidates who shall be summoned to the Trial will be paid by the Dean and Chapter. College, Durham, 20th July, 1866.

MISS KATE GORDON will play Ascher's New Piano-forte piece, "L'AMOUR DU PASSE," during her Provincial Tours in Kent, the North of England, and Scotland.—22, St. George's Road, S.W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "The song of May," at Eastbourne, August 21st.

MRS. MEREST'S NEW AND POPULAR BALLADS.

"My Fairy," sung by the composer, and always enthusiastically encored; suitable for all voices. Dedicated (by permission) to the Princess Mary Adelaide. "Farewell, it was only a dream." Dedicated (by permission) to the Duchess of Cambridge. Published at 7, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, where Mrs. Merest's terms for Pupils and Concert Engagements may be known. See review of these Ballads in *Illustrated London News*, June 30th.

MISS BERRY GREENING.

MISS BERRY GREENING requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

TO ORGANISTS.

WANTED, at Michaelmas next, an Organist for the Parish Church of St. James's, Clerkenwell. Salary £40 per annum. Services Morning and Afternoon on Sundays, and occasionally an Evening Service in the week. Applications, with testimonials, to be sent in, addressed to me, and endorsed "Organist," on or before the 8th August Inst.—By Order. Vestry Hall, Clerkenwell, 1st August, 1866. ROBERT PAGER, Vestry Clerk.

ALTO CHORISTER.—WANTED, an Alto (Counter-Tenor) Chorister for the Choir of Dulwich College. Must be able to read well at sight. Two Sunday Services, and One Week-day Practice.—Apply, by letter, to HENRY BAUMER, Esq., 23, King Henry's Road, St. John's Wood Park.

WORCESTER MUSIC HALL.—This building is now re-opened, having been re-modelled and rendered thoroughly comfortable; it is well lighted and heated, and holds from 700 to 800 persons. It is available for public entertainments of every description upon reasonable terms. For particulars, address, Mr. SEARLE, the Music Hall, Worcester.

ARTISTES, MANAGERS, AND THE PRESS, by HOWARD GLOVER, sixteen years musical and dramatic editor of the *Morning Post*. Part I. will appear Saturday, Sep. 1. To be had of all booksellers. Price ONE SHILLING.

SIMS REEVES.

THE MESSAGE, for the Pianoforte, 4s. **THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE,** for ditto, 3s. These popular songs, sung by Sims REEVES and Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, arranged as brilliant pianoforte pieces by the composer, BLUMENTHAL, are published by DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street, W.

EVER THINE.—SUNG BY Miss EMILY SOLDENE WITH brilliant success at the Crystal Palace Concerts, Signor Arditi's Concert, Mr. Aguilari's Matinée, and Mr. Wrighton's Concerts.

Published by ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington Street.

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ON PARTING, ADELINA PATTI's New Song. Poetry by Lord BYRON. Sung with distinguished success by the composer, and also by Mr. SANLEY. Published by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ADELINA PATTI's New Song, "ON PARTING," Poetry by Lord BYRON, is published by DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published, price 4s.,

L'AMOUR DU PASSE, Idylle, pour Piano, par J. ASCHER, Pianiste de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice des Français. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published, price 3s.,

FAIR MELANIE, Romance, sung by SIGNOR GARDONI. (With English or Italian Words.) Composed by J. ASCHER. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SONATA FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

COMPOSED BY

EMANUEL AGUILAR.

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"Among the most recent compositions for the pianoforte, especial notice is due to a Sonata in C, by Emanuel Aguilar. This work is constructed on the old classical model, now too much neglected by the modern composers. The sonata is the most beautiful form of instrumental composition. Since the days of Corelli, Handel, and Scarlatti, down to those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, an unbroken series of great composers have contributed to its development. Our present composers are beginning to essay their strength (though not so often as we could wish) in works of this class; and our pleasure in meeting with one of them is heightened by its rare occurrence. On this account we heartily welcome the appearance of Mr. Aguilar's sonata. In its composition he has taken for his model the pianoforte sonatas of Mozart, which it closely resembles, not only in form and construction, but also in fresh and graceful melody, harmony at once rich and simple, and the happy adaptation of every passage to the finger of the performer. It opens with a vigorous allegro, followed by an adagio, as vocal as an Italian song. Then there is a gavotte, which reminds us of Handel or Scarlatti; and the finale is a rapid movement, sparkling with fire and brilliancy. This sonata, in short, is a valuable contribution to our stock of pianoforte music, and will lead, we trust, to other contributions of a similar kind, from the same as well as other quarters."—*Illustrated News*.

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NEW SONGS BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

"SO CHE PER GIOCO, Barcarolle - - - Price 3 0
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(O Rondinella che passi lo mare.)

STORNELLO, COMPOSED BY FEDERICO RICCI.

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

COMPOSED BY

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"SIX SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, for the pianoforte, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew. This is an ambitious title; but Mrs. Bartholomew has a good right to be ambitious—a right derived from her talents and position as an artist. She possesses not only taste, feeling, imagination, the inventive faculty, and the other gifts of nature which constitute genius, but that ripe scholarship which enables the artist to turn those gifts to the best account; while her reputation is founded on many admirable works in the highest branches of her art. The work before us is modelled upon the famous "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, resembling them both in form and in beauty. Mrs. Bartholomew's "Songs without words" are not so difficult to execute as Mendelssohn's, and the melodies are more within the compass of the voice; while similar skill is shown in giving to a pianoforte piece the effect of a vocal air with an instrumental accompaniment. The composer has adopted the happy expedient of printing the vocal melody in larger notes than the accompaniment, and thus furnishing a useful guide to the young performer. These songs are worthy of companionship with those of Mendelssohn, and those who admire the one work will admire the other."—*Illustrated London News*.

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

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"AIRY FAIRY LILIAN."

Poetry by Tennyson. 3s.

"WERE THIS WORLD ONLY MADE FOR ME."

Poetry by the Princess Amelia. 3s.

Sung every where, with the greatest success, by the Composer.

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PERDITA. A Ballad from the "SHADOWS OF DESTINY,"
By Captain COLOMB.

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ROBERT SCHUMANN—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

CHAPTER II.

His father was pleased with this inclination of his son for art; and if he, indeed, as already mentioned, was not in a position to specially direct and guide it in regulated paths, yet he was careful to nourish and encourage it. In the first performance of the *Robber Comedians*, which the son wrote, his brother Julius and his school comrades participated, and not unfrequently, also, his father. Afterwards, musical exercises appear to have obtained the ascendancy in the Schumann family. Particularly after Robert had heard at Carlsbad, whither he had accompanied his father, the celebrated pianist, Ignatz Moscheles, he manifested a more decided preference for music. "When more than thirty years since," he writes to Moscheles, on November 20, 1851, "I preserved, as one would an ancient relic, a concert ticket that you had touched, how could I have dreamed that I should ever be honoured in this manner by so celebrated a master."* When, subsequently, at Easter, 1820, he was admitted to the gymnasium school of his birth-place, he succeeded in introducing a little system into his efforts in music, since he found there a school companion in the person of the son of a regimental band-master, Piltzing. With him, besides playing original compositions of C. M. von Weber, Hummel, and Czerny, he also essayed the great instrumental works of Haydn, Mozart, and also, afterwards, with the greatest zeal, those of Beethoven—especially after a new Streicher grand piano came to the house from Vienna. Indeed, when Robert found among his father's collection of music the orchestral parts of the overture to *Tigranes*, of Righini, he effected its performance through the medium of a small orchestra which he gathered together. From his school comrades he obtained violins, flutes, a clarinet, and horn; the remaining parts Robert reproduced upon the piano; and as this first attempt had a success beyond their expectations, it was soon repeated, and was quickly followed by a number of similar performances. They impelled Robert, likewise, to his first serious attempts in composition. He composed, in his twelfth or thirteenth year, the 150th Psalm, for one of these musical entertainments, and there are several overtures and introductions to operas that are referable to this period of his youth.

Schumann's remarkable gifts very soon found admiring recognition in his native place. In the families in which music was cultivated he was naturally a welcome guest, and the evening entertainments at the gymnasium school found in him also an active and valuable assistant. His father also speedily recognized the destined calling of his son, and, although his mother violently opposed, remained firm in the determination to educate him in the art of music. Carl Maria von Weber, who since 1819 had resided in Dresden as *capellmeister*, was selected to undertake his education. For what reason this plan was never put in execution, although Weber manifested real willingness to instruct, cannot now be ascertained, since the correspondence on the subject appears to be irrecoverably lost. Robert remained at home, and in the system of education and development that had been followed up to this time there was no essential alteration. Indeed, his father finally declared his consent that Robert should choose the study of jurisprudence, and he therefore passed through all the classes of the gymnasium school, and went in 1828 to the University of Leipsic. Music was not, however, on that account entirely neglected; it still remained the favourite occupation of his leisure hours. The subsequent death of his father on the 10th of August, 1826, was followed by no particular change in Robert's existence, as deeply as he was affected by the sad event. His merry, youthful temperament began already to resolve itself into a gloomy melancholy; and that taciturnity and reserve, which, in after years made personal intercourse with him by no means agreeable, shewed thus early its first traces. Only as to musical matters would he unreservedly open himself; and only in equal affection for the great poets, particularly Shakespeare and Jean Paul, did he reveal the sympathy of an indissoluble friendship. Likewise in social intercourse those families alone could claim him as a visitor, in whose houses "good music" was heard. More frequently than others of this class was the house of the merchant Carus visited by him, to which he was always glad to go; especially as in the summer of 1827 there

sojourned an accomplished musical *dilettante* in the person of Mrs. Carus, the wife of Doctor Carus, afterwards professor in the universities of Leipsic and Dorpat. This young lady made a profound impression upon Robert by her singing, which inspired him to compose a set of songs. Despite the fact that in all this his particular destiny as an artist manifested itself, and despite the manifold successes he had already attained through his rich musical endowments, he was not able to gain the consent of his mother to follow the career of an artist. His mother was supported in her opposition by Mr. Rudel, his guardian, so that Schumann found it necessary, on the conclusion of his last term at the gymnasium school, to betake himself to the university. He went to Leipsic in March, 1828, and would have then matriculated, but was obliged to return to his home because the graduating examinations had yet to take place. As evidence that he had not hitherto altogether neglected his scientific studies for music, we notice here the favourable testimonial which he received on leaving the gymnasium school.

A journey to Munich, which Schumann undertook after the examination referred to, before he settled at Leipsic, presents, though not, it is true, remarkable, yet interesting incidents, which will assist us in completing our portrait of the youth. In Leipsic, Schumann had very early formed an ardent, and as we shall see, an enduring bond of friendship, with his fellow-student of jurisprudence, Gilbert Rosen. The latter, with the intention of entering Heidelberg, accepted Schumann's invitation to visit his family, and sojourned there until the conclusion of the graduating examination. When Rosen went to Heidelberg, Schumann accompanied him as far as Munich. They spent a day together, at Bayreuth, for the purpose of visiting the town memorable through Jean Paul, and of viewing the "Phantasie," the "Hermitage," and the house of Rollwenzel, and to learn from the last named something new touching the poet. The loved and highly honoured Richter had then been dead only two years (Nov. 14th, 1825); and he was therefore yet in the freshest remembrance of his neighbours. Were it only that the spirit of the kindred poet should more nearly appear to him in the locality once consecrated by his actual presence that he had journeyed thither, he was yet to meet at Munich, in bodily presence, that great lyric poet of the after-Goethean period, Heinrich Heine, under the influence of whose spirit the richest and most beautiful side of his genius should fructify into a luxuriant outbursting Song of Spring. Heine then dwelt in Munich, and our two friends being favoured with an introduction to the poet, spent with him some hours of, we may well suppose, genuine enjoyment. How readily Schumann was captivated by womanly grace and maidenly beauty was manifested during his sojourn in Augsburg. Here our two friends had found an hospitable welcome in the house of the well-known chemist, Dr. von Kuner, whose wife was a Zwickau lady, for whose amiable daughter Schumann experienced a fervent passion. Although his passion was not reciprocated, as Clara was already betrothed, yet she is often referred to, for a long time afterwards, in his letters to Rosen. In Munich, the two friends separated. Rosen journeyed onwards to Heidelberg; Schumann homewards to prepare for his university career. Finally, let it be here mentioned, that there appears at this period evidences of a not unusual gift of a poetical talent. Two poems, which he composed for the occasion of his brother's wedding, are given by Wasielewsky in the appendix to the *Biography of Schumann*.

If we review this portion of his life, we recognize the fact that for Schumann's destined calling it was only inwardly, and not externally, rich in results. His education was adapted to another purpose than that which was the object of his existence. Thus, his scientific studies only were systematically encouraged and directed; his particular life-element, music—although the constant companion of this period of his life—was not yet subjected to any especial care or guidance. Though much of his time was devoted to music, a particular knowledge of the art was not at this time open to him. Only as accidental circumstances, or a special necessity directed him, did he pursue his studies therein, and these again could only relate to works that were intelligible to him without the direction or assistance of teachers. At this period he permitted the external beauty of compositions to work their effect upon him, without gaining what, for the young artist, was indispensable—an acquaintance with elements that united to produce such effect. Thus, he already early recognized his art as "presenting" rather than "plastic." It was to him as a wonderful secret enveloping language,

* Moscheles had dedicated to him his Sonata, Op. 121, for piano and violoncello.

but not yet as the *art*, fashioning his ideas in melodious tone-forms. And as early as he endeavoured to appropriate the organism of this language, it did not prosper with him to perfect intelligibility, because he endeavoured, much too early, to express his own peculiar individuality. But his genius was already so richly endowed that it only needed a few years of careful attention to develop therefrom a little world of wonderful art-works for ever current as models. If, indeed, Schumann was not therefore directly educated in music at home, that holy spring from which arose his songs had its sources in that family home, and all the splendid pictures and rich colours in which his fancy beamed in his riper years, pointed backward to that source. How deeply he himself was sensible of this, he shews in the fact that he so willingly returned in his own works to the world of his childhood; that, under the inspiration of the memories of that period, his most valuable works originated. As we shall subsequently indicate, these are the thank-offerings that he brought for that period of unconscious conception; that he brought for the spirit of his father now resting upon him; for the heart of the mother embracing him with fervent affection; for that time of simple enjoyment and creation.

(To be continued.)

FERDINAND PAÏR.*

"Well, and what do you want with the manager?" Such were the words addressed, one day, near the opera house, Venice, to a boy who could hardly be fifteen. "I have written an opera which I want to have performed at your theatre." "You have written an opera at your age! My dear little *maestro*, if such is the case, I certainly must confess that you have not made a bad use of your life. But do not let us go too fast. I do not say that it is necessary to be as old as I am to write music, but for one so young as you."—"Let me shew it to somebody who understands it, and if he says what my master, Sala, of the Conservatory, said, perhaps you will have it performed." There was such an accent of truth in the boy's words that Samuele, manager of the theatre at Venice—who was the other speaker—yielding to a certain curiosity, sent for the *maestro concertatore* attached to the theatre, and said to him:—"Just look at this score and see what it contains." The new-comer, taking the large book which the boy had brought with him, and on the outside of which were the words: *La Locanda dei Vagabondi*, began to read the music. But the boy quickly remarked: "There must be a piano in the theatre. Let me play, and thus it will be easier for you to form an opinion of the work." The suggestion was instantly adopted. They went into the theatre, and the little composer, seating himself at the piano, sang the motives in a pleasing boyish voice, and played the accompaniment from the full score as he went along. In proportion as the young composer advanced, surely and correctly, the *maestro concertatore* marvelled more and more at the exeuntional skill displayed by the performer while the manager was surprised for a double reason.—At the conclusion of the first act, the *maestro concertatore*, after praising the execution, asked by whom the music was written. "By me," replied the boy. "I have come from Parma, where the theatre is at present shut, to get it performed." "And you will succeed, by Bacchus!" exclaimed Samuele. "What is your name?" "Ferdinand Païr." "And how old are you?" "Fifteen. I was born at Parma on the 12th July, 1774." The manager kept his promise. The opera was produced, and Païr most warmly applauded. Everyone, too, wished to become acquainted with a youth as precocious in his genius as Mozart.

Païr rapidly became the favourite of the Venetians, and remained among them to complete his musical education. He afterwards received communications from the leading cities of Italy, requesting operas for their theatres. He visited them all in turn, leaving in each an indelible reminiscence of his merit. Parma, his birth-place, desired very justly to salute her celebrated son, who returned a giant to his own country, whence he had, not long previously, gone forth obscure and miserable. The day of his return was a great day for Païr, on account of the reception accorded him. The Grand-Duke, too, spoke to him in highly flattering terms, and settled on him a splendid pension. Meanwhile, disgusted with the bad librettos which had frequently been offered him, Païr determined on attempting poetry as well as music, being of opinion that without a feeling for the former, a composer writes mere mechanical music, capable of producing on the mind nothing further than transient emotion. His success was stupendous. His reputation was not confined to Italy. So far from this being the case, he was invited in 1795, to the Court of Vienna,

and the Empress requested him to write some cantatas. He did so, and they well sustained the fame by which he had been preceded. When the death of the celebrated Naumann took place in 1801, Païr was nominated by the Elector of Saxony his *Maestro di Cappella*. He always returned such honours by torrents of inspiration. This is proved, for instance, by his *Leonore* and *Fiorusci*. At this period, Mozart was the idol of the people of Prague, and the only composer to whom they would listen; indeed, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Clemenza di Tito* were such masterpieces that they frightened other composers from writing for the same theatre. But certain friends of the Parmese composer thought: If Mozart's music pleases precisely because it possesses Italian ingenuity, that written by an accomplished Italian ought to please as well or better. Impressed with this notion, they procured an engagement for him at the above theatre. He proceeded to Prague, and, confident in his own powers, wrote *Sargino*. On the night of the first performance, the theatre appeared rather the rendezvous of a band of conspirators than a place of amusement. The spectators, in large numbers, took their seats menacingly. Each person was actuated by a hostile feeling towards the insolently daring Italian. Poor composer! At last, the curtain was raised, and, during the first piece of the opera, the persons in the pit kept talking to distract the attention of the few who wished to listen; in the boxes, the chairs were moved about; and, in a word, a thousand means adopted to procure a failure. Nevertheless, during the second piece, the hubbub began to grow less, and the shouts became more rare; numbers who had come to create a disturbance quieted down without troubling their heads about their neighbours: in a word, the attention of the audience was excited, and Païr triumphed by the power of his genius! His adversaries were changed into admirers, and from that night his works were the delight of the public, just like those of Mozart.

A man who possessed the power of causing so many hearts to palpitate, could not possibly help falling in love himself. He became passionately enamoured of Mdlle. Riccardi, whom he married. The lady was an eminent artist, and her delicious singing rendered her the most faithful interpreter of the inspired composer. But their pacific triumphs were suddenly disturbed by the warlike successes of Napoleon. The battle of Jena filled Prague with consternation; farewell to the theatre! On the other hand, Napoleon was desirous of being acquainted with the Italian who, before himself, had gained such fame in those parts. It was sufficient for him to hear some of Païr's works to accord him his favour. He ordered Païr and his wife to follow him to Posen and Warsaw, appointing him his court composer. Having, in progress of time, advanced in the good graces of the Emperor, Païr obtained the management of the Italian Opera, Paris. Abandoning himself to his creative vein, he now composed *Numa Pompilio*, *Circe*, *Le Baccanti*, *Didone*, and, finally, a comic opera, words by Sophie Gay, entitled, *Il Maestro di Cappella*. But the works which place Païr, properly speaking, in the ranks of famous composers are *Griselda*, *Camilla*, and that most tender composition, *Agnes*. There are also cantatas of his, such as *Eloisa ed Abelardo*, *Saffo*, *Ulisse*, and *Penelope*, as well as some other compositions of minor importance. No previous composer ever treated the *obbligato* recitative so well for dramatic effect, or the *parlante* recitative for comic effect. The characteristics of his melodies are spontaneity and strictness of treatment; in a word, a happy union of German learning and beautiful Italian ingenuity.

At the fall of Napoleon, Païr was deprived of his pension, and in 1828 he left the management of the Italian Opera, which was given to Rossini. Though member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and of other learned societies, he spent the last years of his life in a select circle of friends distinguished for their kindly disposition. Païr died on the 3rd May, 1839. His place in the Academy was conferred on Spontini.

THE PATTI CONCERTS.—As the present state of affairs renders it impossible for Herr Ullmann to carry out, next winter, in Vienna, his grand project of a series of People's Concerts, with Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, whose engagement with him has still a year to run, he intends to make a tour through France, and give concerts in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Avignon, Nîmes, Cette, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Nantes, Rennes, Orleans, Lille, Metz, Nancy, Strasbourg, and all other towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants. It is not yet definitely known who are the artists who will accompany Mdlle. Carlotta Patti.

MOZART IN PARIS.—During the season of 1865, *Die Zauberflöte* was given fifty-eight, and *Don Juan* twenty-four times at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

SALZBURG.—Herr Hans Blau, hitherto a member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been engaged as *Concertmeister* at the Mozarteum here.

* From *Il Monitore del Circolo Bonamici*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Gye has revived *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the second performance of which, on Saturday night, the 20th season of the Royal Italian Opera came to an end. The opera was, for the most part, admirably played; and if frequent and hearty applause, unanimous *encores* awarded to certain familiar pieces, and calls for the principal singers are sure signs, Mozart's delightful music was thoroughly enjoyed by the brilliant and crowded audience assembled to hear it—on an occasion, too, rendered all the more interesting from the fact that until the year 1866 has died out, and the year 1867 is at least three or four months old, there can be no other such at Covent Garden. After the opera the "National Anthem" was sung, with only one solo. This, however, was intrusted to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, immediately behind whom stood the clever Mdle. Desirée Artot, who, though not one of the Queen of England's liege subjects, would doubtless willingly have undertaken a verse in turn, a privilege that might with advantage have been accorded her. A general summons then brought forward Mr. Costa, to receive a tribute of applause so justly due to his invaluable services.

The events of the season just expired may be reviewed with convenient brevity. It has been by no means a season of experiment, although, thanks to the extraordinary resources at command of the director, it has been one of well-sustained interest. The actual condition of the operatic market looked at dispassionately, it was hardly possible to bring together a company stronger either in numbers or efficiency. With such a company, indeed, including three "first ladies" like Mdle. Adelina Patti, Mdle. Pauline Lucca, and Madame Maria Vilda, Mr. Gye was able to give nearly all the favourite operas in the old repertory with undiminished attraction. To say nothing, moreover, of Mdle. Artot, who has unavoidably been kept in the shade, and whose position since her arrival was aptly illustrated by the part she took, or, rather, the part she did not take, on Saturday night in the National Anthem, several new singers appeared during the early part of the season, and among the rest Mdle. Orgeni, who exhibited more than average promise, and in much that she did created a really genuine impression. In drawing up his prospectus of arrangements for the season, the manager seems to have been influenced in a great degree by the necessity of allotting to each of his chief artists parts that come under the denomination of "popular." Thus but two operas not already known to the frequenters of his theatre were included—*Crispino e la Comare* and *Don Sebastiano*; and of these two, after all, it has only been found practicable, or at any rate expedient, to produce one. Those able to speak from experience of *Don Sebastiano* are not inclined to agree with the estimate of its merits entertained by certain "Continental critics," who, according to the prospectus, hold it to be, "of its class, the grandest and most perfect work" of Donizetti. On the contrary, it has been generally considered the most laboured and least happy effort of its prolific composer's invention; and by one "Continental critic," at all events, has been commemorated as "*un enterrement en cinq actes*." We cannot, therefore, condole with Mr. Gye's subscribers upon the loss of *Don Sebastiano*; while we may reasonably congratulate them on the apparition of its companion—the fairy opera by the brothers Ricci, which, slight as are its abstract musical pretensions, was a means of exhibiting the genius of Mdle. Patti and Signor Ronconi under a new and lively phase.

Among the more general pledges which have remained unfulfilled, there is just cause to regret the promised revival of *Dinorah*, with Mdle. Patti as Dinorah—her single appearance in that charming character (in 1862) being still vividly remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present, as, without exception, the most remarkable ever witnessed; while to deepen the disappointment, the original Hoël, M. Faure, was in the theatre. Then, too, we were promised *La Gazza Ladra*, with Mdle. Patti as Ninetta, and Mdle. Artot (equally at home in *soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, and *contralto*) as Pippo; *I Puritani*, with Mdle. Patti as Elvira, Herr Schmid (who, by the way, did not appear at all) as Giorgio, and Signor Nicolini (who appeared and disappeared almost simultaneously) as Arturo; and *Robert le Diable*, with Madame Maria Vilda as Alice, Mdle. Carlotta Patti (also a defaulter) as Isabel, and Herr Schmid as Bertram. The other positive pledges, allowing, in one or two instances, for some changes in the distribution of the *dramatis personæ* caused by circumstances upon which it is needless to dwell, were faithfully carried out. The gorgeous *Etoile du Nord* of Meyerbeer (a combined triumph of musical execution, scene-painting, and stage arrangement, respectively represented by Messrs. Costa, Beverley, and Harris) gave us in Mdle. Patti a musical Caterina equal to Madame Bosio, and a dramatic Caterina superior to Madame Bosio, together with a Peter the Great in M. Faure, really and truly a great Peter. *Fra Diavolo* presented us, in Mdle. Pauline Lucca, with the most vivacious and piquant of imaginable Zerlinas, besides introducing us again to Ronconi's Lord Koburg, rated by some as purely extravagant, by others as simply sublime—a difference of opinion to be compounded for by the admission that it is the sublime

of extravagance. The gloomy and magnificent *Prophète*, in which his most devoted adherents insist that Meyerbeer appears in all his lustre, *pulchritudo omnium pulcherrima*, brought once more forward, unexpectedly,* Mdle. Philippine von Edelsberg, a lady with a commanding person and more than common acquirement, but falling just short of the "ideal" Fides, Signor Mario (still incomparable) being John of Leyden. *Don Giovanni* again shewed us, in M. Faure's impersonation of the profligate hidalgo, how nearly it is possible for modern art to meet the exigencies of an almost impossible character; in Signor Ronconi's Masetto how true histrionic genius can fill out a mere sketch into a vigorous life-like portrait; and in Mdle. Patti's Zerlina a peasant coquette at once engaging and peerless. The inevitable *Faust e Margherita* afforded many opportunities of admiring Mdle. Lucca in a part which, next to Selika and Valentine, is perhaps her best, of owning that M. Faure is in no character seen or heard to such advantage as in Mephistopheles, and of speculating on what possible Faust can ever replace that inimitable picture of the rejuvenescent alchemist to which Signor Mario has accustomed us. *La Favorita* exhibited Mdle. Lucca in a new character, with which she is gradually becoming familiar, and again that provokingly unapproachable Mario as the unhappy Fernando—a part which, in one air alone, shews him the greatest existing master of expressive singing. Last, not least, *L'Africaine*, the regretted Meyerbeer's last bequeathal to the lyric drama, which he had enriched with so many masterpieces, helped Mdle. Lucca, in performance after performance, to rise higher in the estimation of her English admirers, to prove herself a Selika after Meyerbeer's own heart—to justify, in short, the choice he made when casting the opera for Berlin. All these—besides the hacknied *Traviata*, first with Mdle. Orgeni, then with that unfairly neglected Mdle. Artot, as Violetta—were positively promised, and all performed, to the entire satisfaction of subscribers and the general public.

From the general repertory we have had the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *La Sonnambula*—comprising four of the most brilliant of Mdle. Adelina Patti's extensive gallery of portraits, and in the first and third of which Signors Mario and Ronconi co-operated in presenting an example of lyric comedy now difficult to rival; the *Huguenots*—just thirty years old, and promising to be as young and vigorous thirty years hence—with Mdle. Lucca and Signor Mario as Valentine and Raoul; the lively *Martha* of M. Flotow; the inevitable *Trovatore* of Signor Verdi; and *Un Ballo in Maschera* (worth a dozen "Trovatores") by the same very popular composer. Add to these *Norma* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, in each of which Madame Maria Vilda—"the lady with the voice and the shake"—created a *quasi-furore*. Among the new-comers introduced this year by Mr. Gye we need hardly say that Madame Vilda has borne away the palm; and that to her the sentence, "*qui meruit*," fairly attaches, will be admitted. To the tragic heroines of Bellini and Donizetti she added Verdi's Leonora, her assumption of which no less tragic, if much less lofty, personage is of so recent occurrence that it is unnecessary further to allude to it. Mdme. Vilda was also to have appeared as Donna Anna; but though this promise was not realized she has accomplished enough to make for herself a name, and to warrant a regret that she did not begin her artistic career some ten (or fifteen) years earlier.

All the singers, known and unknown, announced in the prospectus, have appeared, with the exceptions of Herr Schmid, Mdles. Deconei and Carlotta Patti. To Mdle. Orgeni, who made so good an impression in *Lucia*, besides appearing with equal success in *La Traviata* and *Martha*, we have already alluded. Mdle. Morensi, the young American, who was received with favour in several parts—Azucena and Siebel among the rest—seems to have afforded most satisfaction as Lady Koburg, for which character her tall figure and dashing appearance, if not absolutely her vocal attainments, well befitted her. Mdle. Morensi has much to learn as a singer, but shews already fair promise as an actress, and her reappearance next season will be very generally welcomed. Of Mdle. Biancolini, a *contralto*—the Maffeo Orsini to Madame Vilda's *Lucrezia*—as much can hardly be said. Mdle. Vestri (the fairy in *Crispino*) has a prepossessing appearance; but that is pretty nearly all. Signor Fancelli, who played Edgardo (*Lucia*) and some other parts, including Contino del Fiore (*Crispino*), is a "tenorino" of unquestionable ability and with a not unpleasant voice; but the impression he has produced can at the best only be called moderate. Signor Nicolini and his sudden disappearance have been mentioned. This gentleman was originally put down for Fra Diavolo, but at the eleventh hour Signor Naudin took his place. Whatever we may think of Signor Naudin, a more serviceable artist does not exist. Every part seems to lie within his means, from Vasco di Gama to Pollio, from Pollio to Fra Diavolo; but it is in the *Africaine* that he has been able to render most substantial service. He, too, was Meyerbeer's own choice, when the distribution of characters

* Mdle. Fanny Deconei, who only sang in a concert, was announced for the part.

was under consideration for Paris, where the opera first came out. By the side of M. Naudin may fairly be placed our countrywoman, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who as Adalgisa, Prascovia, Elvira (*Den Giovanni*), Margaret (the *Huguenots*), and, before all, Inez in the *Africaine*, has won "golden opinions." Upon the useful Mdle. Fricci, not for the first time, has chiefly devolved the questionably grateful task of undertaking such characters as Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Donna Anna, &c., when others, with higher names, were not at hand to assume them. She has had one part, however, entirely to herself this year—Amelia in the *Ballo in Maschera*, the opera which opened the season (April 3), and in which the other characters were sustained by Mdles. Lustani and Sonieri, Signors Mario, Graziani, &c. On one occasion, moreover, Mdle. Fricci shewed her artistic readiness by acting as substitute for Mdle. Luca, in Meyerbeer's *Selika*, and acquitting herself to the general satisfaction. (A like service was rendered on two occasions by Mdle. Artot, who twice replaced Mdle. Patti in the part of Rosina). The beautiful tenor voice and smooth style of singing of Signor Brignoli have made him acceptable in several operas, and none more notably than *Martha*, in which, as Lionel, he made his *début* at Covent Garden last season. Signor Graziani, besides his tragi-comic Nelusko, has sustained most of those characters (Count Luna, Alfonso IX., Valentine, Renato, &c.), with which he has for some time been agreeably identified. Signor Atti, another most servicable member of the company, has occupied much the same position as Mdle. Fricci—undertaking characters of considerable importance in the unavoidable absence, or waiting the arrival, of his superiors. Signor Atti, however, is a thorough artist, and his excellent performances, at various periods, of Mephistopheles, Marcel, &c., have redounded greatly to his credit. Signor Ciampi has exhibited the same dry cleverness which was his characteristic from the beginning, and which is just as manifest in Gritzenko and Mirabolano as in the Dr. Bartolo of either *Figaro*. Signor Tagliacoco is still alone, *sui generis*, in characters like Gubetta, Beppo, &c.; and Signor Capponi, also a representative of subordinate parts, has so fine a bass voice that it depends entirely upon himself to attain a position of higher responsibility.

It will be seen from the foregoing that what is stated in the preamble about Mr. Gye's numerically and artistically efficient company is not stated upon insufficient grounds. A convincing proof of this was given on the last two nights of the season, on each of which occasions the *Nozze di Figaro* was performed. In this immortal *chef-d'œuvre* artists long connected with the establishment, and artists comparatively new to it, united to produce a singularly good "ensemble." In a purely dramatic sense, the most remarkable assumption was Mdle. Pauline Lucca's Cherubino. We have seen many representatives of Mozart's incomparable page, but never one more original, saucy, piquant, and life-like. Then Mdle. Luca imparts a peculiar depth of sentiment to each of the lovely songs assigned to Cherubino; and it is difficult to say into which—"Non so più cosa son," or "Voi che sapete" (in spite of one or two unnecessary changes in the text)—she throws the largest amount of expression. Her by-play throughout is delicious, and nothing can be more irresistibly comic than her behaviour in the scene where Susanna, while singing the air, "Venite, ingiuncciatevi," adjusts the cap on the head of the mischievous page and reads him a lesson in the art of female deportment. This air—by the way, one of the most genial and beautiful in the opera—is sung admirably by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who has made herself thoroughly familiar with the part of Susanna, investing it with a musical significance only within the grasp of a practised musician. Her delivery of the melodious air, "Deh vieni non tardar," in the last act, would alone stamp her performance as artistically genuine. Another assumption of first-rate excellence is the Countess of Mdle. Artot, which, whether judged from a dramatic or a musical point of view, is irreproachable. Both her airs—"Porgi amor" and "Dove sono"—are sung with all the refinement belonging to a perfect mistress of style, and, but for some slight ornaments at the resumption of the leading phrase, the last would be wholly irreproachable. We cannot speak in terms of quite such unreserved eulogium of the gentlemen. Signor Graziani, in spite of his exceptionally beautiful voice, is altogether out of his element as the Count; and though M. Faure gives "Se vuol ballare" and "Non più andrai" (the last especially) with wonderful spirit, his *Figaro*, in a histrionic sense, is one of the most dry and formal we can remember. The invariable correctness of this extremely clever artist, however, is of no slight importance to the concerted music. The four small parts—Bartolo (with "La vendetta"), Basilio (with "In quegli anni"), Marcellina, and Antonio (the gardener) are well supported (the first two especially) by Signors Ciampi and Neri Baraldi, Mdle. Anese and Signor Polonini. Altogether, indeed, the "cast" is most effective. That the orchestral music, from the overture to the end, and all the concerted music, including the two great finales, would "go" thoroughly well might have been taken for granted in advance. For this Mr. Costa himself—to say nothing of the magnificent orchestra he controls

—was sufficient guarantee. Mr. Costa does not introduce trombones into the score, but he sanctions even a larger curtailment than usual of the *finale* to Act 3 (the scene of the wedding festivities)—a proceeding for which we cannot imagine any colourable pretext. Better omit the songs of Bartolo and Basilio, as well as those of Barbarina and Marcellina, none of which are imperatively requisite to the understanding of the dramatic action, than spoil so unaffectedly simple and beautiful a concerted piece—a piece which gives musical weight to a really important situation. Allowing, nevertheless, for these slight drawbacks, the performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* sustains the high repute of the Royal Italian Opera, and is a worthy climax to the twentieth season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdile. Ilma de Murska's *Dinorah* is, as might have been foretold (as Mr. Shaver Silver might have written), one of her most successful impersonations, and it seems strange that Meyerbeer's graceful, melodious, and highly poetical legendary opera should not have been brought out last season, for the special purpose of exhibiting Mdle. de Murska in a character which is so remarkably suited to her peculiar talent. Nothing could be more charming than Mdle. de Murska's performance in the earlier scenes of the opera. She made a deep impression in the scene of the last act, in which *Dinorah* recovers her reason; but the fantastic portion of the opera is that in which she more particularly distinguished herself. Her entry with an imaginary goat (for the living animal was "conspicuous by his absence"), her delivery of the beautiful and suggestive "cradle song"—though goats, in spite of the accepted title of this piece, are seldom, we should think, rocked to sleep in cradles—her singing in the duet with Corentino, the piper; above all, her exquisite performance, both in a vocal and in a dramatic sense, of the Shadow scene in the second act, were thoroughly good and effective points in a representation which was admirable throughout. Mdle. de Murska was enthusiastically applauded after each of her solos, and the audience would gladly have heard her repeat the whole of the air, "De l'ombre."

The cast of *Dinorah*, as now played at Her Majesty's Theatre, is remarkably efficient. The demented *Dinorah* is represented to perfection by Mdle. de Murska. We already know how admirably Mr. Santley sang and acted the part of the madly superstitious Hoel, and Signor Gardoni's impersonation of the half-foolish Corentino is, in its way, quite as good. Indeed, Signor Gardoni is altogether the best Corentino who has been, or, as far as we know, is likely to be seen. The same characters, who, however, have nothing to do with the drama, were also well sustained; the part of the principal goatherd being now assigned to Madame Demeric-Lablache, who was much applauded in the favourite air; that of the hunter to Signor Bossi, that of the reaper to Signor Stagno.

In the course of the performance all the principal singers were recalled, and there was a special summons for Mr. Telbin, who has painted some very beautiful and very appropriate scenery for an opera to which appropriate scenery is really essential. All Mr. Telbin's work is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the legend on which *Dinorah* is founded.

ITALIAN OPERA—FALL SEASON.

Our readers will be glad to learn that, although the Academy of Music will not be ready for occupation before February or March, we shall not, in consequence, be deprived of our accustomed operatic performances. Mr. Maretzek has succeeded in making such arrangements with the managers of the Winter Garden as will enable him to give his regular Fall season, though at a somewhat later period of the year. He has organized a very fine company, which will be as strong for "opera buffo" as for opera seria, so that he will not have to draw from the last to sustain the first. This will prevent the artists from being overworked, and will enable them always to appear before the public in freshness and strength of power. During the present season, at the two great London Opera Houses, the comic element has carried all before it. *L'Elisir*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Il Barbiere* have drawn the most brilliant audiences, and have excited the people to the highest degree. Ronconi and Adelina Patti have been the sensations of the season. Ronconi is said to be better than when at the very height of his fame. He is one of the genuine old-school artists—a race which is, unfortunately, rapidly dying out. Mr. Maretzek made a happy hit in securing the services of that admirable artist, Ronconi.—*New York American Art Journal*.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

In atonement for the non-forthcoming of the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini, which was a conspicuous feature in the prospectus, Mr. Mapleson has gratified his friends and supporters with the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart. The atonement is doubly welcome, inasmuch as the incomparable opera of Rossini's predecessor and idol is in almost every respect efficiently presented. Rarely has music elaborate and difficult amid its unceasing spontaneity been more sedulously prepared. The greatest credit is due to Signor Arditì for the time and pains he must have bestowed in order to obtain a result so honourable to himself and to a theatre which owes no small share of the repute it enjoys to the effective style in which many of the great *chef d'œuvres* of the past have been revived under his direction. On hearing this delightful opera after an interval of repose it is almost impossible to believe that it was written so far back as 1785—that, in fact, it is more than 80 years old. Fresh as is the *Seraglio*, the *Nozze* is still fresher. There is not a melodious passage in it that does not appear as young as to-day; while the masterly construction of its concerted pieces—including the two finales (imperishable models), the two trios in the first act, and the wonderfully comic sextet (who will say that Mozart could not be comic?) in the last—is the despair of modern art. These are given with such vigour and uniform accuracy at Her Majesty's Theatre that the composer himself, most uncompromising of judges, would have been content. At the same time so excellent a performance deserved to be rendered still more perfect by a strict adherence to the score. Why, for instance, discard the *fandango* from the scene of festivity before the Count and Countess in honour of Figaro's wedding with Susanna? Mozart intended this episode, dramatically, as a cheerful contrast to be derived from the exhibition of a national peasant's dance, musically, to avoid monotony, the march which opens the *finale** and the chorus which terminates it being in the same key. He could never have written a *finale*, based upon two or three subjects, all in the key of C major; and so he introduced the *fandango* in A minor as a relief. For the omission of this episode Signor Arditì hardly compensates by the insertion of trombones in the march, knowing, as he must know, that there are no trombones in any part of the score of *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and where the instrumentation elsewhere is studiously delicate—as in the instance of this charmingly rustic piece—they have a decidedly bad effect. Then what becomes of Barbarina's quaint little air in F minor, "L'ho perduta, memeschina"—and what of the pretty song of Marcellina, "Il capro e la capretta"? Admitting (which we are loth to do) the advisability of getting rid of the gardener's daughter in the last act, there is no evident reason why Marcellina, even though impersonated by Madame Tagliafico, should repudiate her only solo.

But enough of grumbling. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* is very strong—as strong a cast, indeed, of the five chief characters as could just now be easily attained. Mdlle. Titiens is eminently fitted to represent the Countess Almaviva, whose husband causes her almost an equal amount of pain by his suspicious jealousy and his fickleness. To sing the two airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," the one so pathetically tender, the other so fervid and impassioned, more admirably than they are sung by this accomplished lady would be hardly practicable. As a mere dramatic impersonation, moreover, the Countess of Mdlle. Titiens is faultless. The pensive, melancholy dame, yearning for the revival of an affection which she imagines to be for ever lost to her, is always clearly and poetically revealed. In Mr. Santley Mdlle. Titiens has a worthy partner. No character exhibits this gentleman's singular improvement as an actor in a more favourable light than the Count; while to cite anything comparable to his delivery of the music we must go back to Signor Tamburini, when Signor Tamburini was in his prime; and even then it is questionable if that fine artist ever sang the magnificent air, "Vedrò, mentr'io sospiro" (Act 2), with such power of voice and well-sustained musical emphasis as our English baritone. Madame Trebelli-Bettini is a Cherubino full of animation and "epidèlerie," and though, her voice being contralto, she considers it expedient to transpose both airs allotted to the amorous

Page a third below the original key, she sings them with such exquisite taste and feeling as to leave no doubt as to how she appreciates their subtle beauty. Some amateurs might prefer "Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio!" a little quicker, and "Voi che sapete" with a more unbending maintenance of the "tempo giusto," so as to allow the expressive accompaniment to flow on without impediment; but Madame Trebelli-Bettini has a fair right to answer—"Thus I conceive, and thus must sing them," and even to defend a slight alteration in the melody of the second with the like persuasive argument. Who but a pedant—a "bag-wig"—would be crabbed enough to gainsay her? That the audience entirely sympathize with her reading of "Voi che sapete" is clearly shown by an "encore" as unanimous as it is genuine. For Figaro we have the ready and zealous M. Gassier, to whom nothing comes amiss, from Assur, in *Semiramide*, Thoas, in *Medea*, or Silva, in *Ermioni*, to the "Factotum" of Mozart, or the "Factotum" of Rossini, and who gives "Se vuol ballare" with a point, "Non più andrai" with a spirit, and "Aprite un po' quegli occhi" with a musical perception, claiming all praise. Last not least, Susanna finds a representative in the versatile Mdlle. Sinico, of whom it is hardly possible to speak too well. A livelier Susanna in a dramatic sense, one more thoroughly *au fait* to every phase, even to the nicest details of character, has seldom (of recent years, perhaps, never) been seen. Nor is Mdlle. Sinico less successful in her musical delineation of the part. She sings the two piquant duets with Figaro, in the first act, with charming *naïveté*; both acts and sings the delicious air, "Venite, ingiunghiatevi," when Susanna adjusts the woman's cap on Cherubino's head, with remarkable *esprit*; and does full justice to the melodious grace of the lovely "moonlight song" ("Deh vieni, non tardar"), in the last scene, which creates so marked an impression that to be compelled to repeat it is a matter of course. Among the most striking features of the performance are two duets in which Mdlle. Sinico takes part—"Sull'aria," with Mdlle. Titiens, and "Crudel perchè finora," with Mr. Santley. These "gems of purest ray serene" inevitably swell the catalogue of encores; and so admirably are both delivered that an exacting connoisseur, in the dream of a still greater perfection, might stipulate for the first (the "Letter-duet") being rendered in strict accordance with the texts; in other words, curtailed of the "*cadenza a due*" at the end. With five such "principals" it may readily be understood how well the concerted music is performed. But the subordinate parts are also competently filled. Nothing can be more artistic than the execution by Signor Bettini of the one air of Basilio (in Mozart's opera, a tenor); nothing more careful than the delivery, by Signor Bossi, of Bartolo's "La Vendetta"—the evident origin of Basilio's "La Calunnia," in the *Barbiere* of Rossini, and unquestionably its superior. The other minor parts—Marcellina, Don Curzio, and Antonio (the gardener)—are more or less adequately supported by Madame Tagliafico, Signors Capello and Casaboni. That the tuneful and charming chorus of the nuptial scene is all that could be wished, any one who has heard the singers now attached to Her Majesty's Theatre will as easily credit as that the overture is played in perfection by Signor Arditì's orchestra—not once only, but twice, in obedience to a generally-expressed desire on the part of the audience. The reproduction, in short, of *Le Nozze di Figaro* would alone suffice to give *éclat* to Mr. Mapleson's "Farewell Performances at Reduced Prices"; and the execution of the splendid *finale* of the first act—which grows, step by step, from a duet into a septet, the dramatic and the musical interest increasing all the way—would of itself be enough to convince any amateur of good music that he was in a theatre where art is seriously cared for.

PLYMOUTH.—An English opera company has been performing here during the week, with Madlle. Florence Lancia as *prima donna*. The *Western Daily News*, writing about this lady's acting the part of Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, says:—"Madame Lancia has true dramatic instincts. Thoroughly merging her own individuality in that of the character she represented, she gave a living portrait of the heroine of the charming idyll, which was at once pre-eminently natural and effective. The rustic simplicity of her Amina had not a tinge of awkwardness; her tenderness exhibited all the guilelessness of innocent, warm-hearted maidenhood, while her pathos—and especially in the short, but eventful second act—touched all hearts, simply because it obviously came from her own."

* *Le Nozze di Figaro* was originally divided into four acts, and this was the *finale* to Act 3.

meister, made a suitable reply. As circumstances had not permitted any preliminary rehearsals, the grand rehearsal of *St. Paul* occupied a considerable time. The fatigue consequent on this was no doubt the reason why the party announced in the programme to take place in the "Erbgroosherzog" was only sparsely attended. All the more animated, however, was the spectacle presented the next morning in the "Wallgarten," with the bands playing, and crowds of ladies, attracted by the fine weather, listening to them. The weather was, indeed, delightful. The sky was not obscured by a cloud, and the sun shone merrily upon the town, richly decorated with flags and green leaves. An agreeable shower, too, had laid the dust the evening previous to the Festival, and everything looked bright and cheerful. The house belonging to Herr von Monroy, and destined to be the residence of the Grand-Duke during the Festival, was conspicuous even among the other houses for the tasteful way in which it was ornamented.—The performers had another rehearsal at noon, but on this occasion principally for the chorus, and Ferdinand Hiller's *Hymne an die Nacht*. According to the programme, there were altogether 364 executants. Of these, 273 were vocal and 85 instrumental.

At the first concert, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* created a profound sensation. It is now twenty-six years since it was first introduced into Mecklenburgh under the auspices of the composer himself. That it should go as well as it did, considering it was only rehearsed once, redounds greatly to the credit of the conductor, and no less so to that of the united choral forces under his command. Herren Gunz and Hill were much applauded in the solos, as were, also, Mdle. Hausen and Madame Röske-Lundh. At the second concert, the honours were principally carried off by the orchestra. Among the pieces selected were Schumann's B-flat major Symphony, and the grand *Leonore* overture, magnificently executed. Between the two was Herr Ferdinand Hiller's *Hymne an die Nacht*, conducted by the popular composer himself, who was vociferously greeted on taking his position at the conductor's desk, and almost overwhelmed with nosegays and flowers. At the conclusion of his work, which went extremely well and afforded unalloyed satisfaction, Herr Hiller was warmly applauded and recalled. The last item in the programme was the third part of *The Creation*. At the conclusion of the performance, the soloists were presented to the Grand-Duke, who, by the way, presented the two ladies with valuable bracelets as a sign of his satisfaction.

The third concert was more numerously attended than the first two had been. It commenced with an overture by Herr Schmitt, the Grand-Ducal *Capellmeister*, to whose exertions the great success of the Festival was chiefly owing. Then followed two airs: "Wie nahe mir der Schlummer," sung by Madame Röske-Lundh, and "Feurig, feurig," from *Titus*, by Mdle. Hausen. The great feature of this day's concert, however, was the performance of Mozart's D minor Concerto by Herr Ferdinand Hiller. This part of the concert was brought to a close by the first three pieces from the *Hymne an die Nacht*, which went even better than on the previous day. The overture to *Tannhäuser* opened the second part of the concert. Then came the four solo singers in the quartet from the first act of *Fidelio*, and then a number of single songs, more or less interesting, the overture to *Der Freischütz* winding up the whole.

There was also a grand banquet, attended by between three and four hundred persons, and enlivened by an infinity of toasts. The first toast, proposed by Herr von Monroy, the President of the Festival, was a comprehensive one, embracing the Grand-Duke, the Grand-Duchess Mother, and the other members of the Grand-Ducal family. The next was that of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Schmitt, who, in his turn, gave "the Members of the Committee." Herr Ferdinand Hiller particularly distinguished himself in his

speeches, and proved that he is as much a master of his tongue as he is of his pen, whether he employ the latter as an accomplished composer or as a graceful and elegant writer. The intended illumination of the "Wall," or ramparts, was frustrated by the weather, so there was a grand ball instead in the Concert Hall, Herr Ferdinand Hiller himself not disdaining to take his turn, now and then, in the orchestra. And thus terminated a most joyous gathering, the more deeply appreciated by all who took part in it on account of the wretchedness they knew existed, unfortunately, in other parts of Germany.

D. Peters, Esq.

PURPLE POWIS.

CONCERT OF MR. MOSCHELES.

The evening concert on Monday, in St. James's Hall, "for the benefit and relief of the sick, wounded, and sufferers of all nations engaged in the present war, in conjunction with the Ladies' Association established for that purpose," was a brilliant success. The attendance was very large, and we understand that nearly 5000. were realised for the charity. The concert began with a performance on the pianoforte (Erard) by Mr. Moscheles, consisting of the *Etude* from his Op. 95, called *Reconciliation*, and the numbers in D minor, A flat, and G major, from his first book of *Studies*. Madame Parepa followed with the air, "Du village voisin," from Auber's opera, *Le Serment* (accompanied by Mr. Benedict). Then Mr. Moscheles played some new variations of his own upon the "Harmonious Blacksmith," which differ in all essentials from the old variations of Handel. Then Madame Lind-Goldschmidt sang an air from *Der Freischütz*—"Und ob die Wolke Sie verhülle" (accompanied by her husband), and on being rapturously called back, repeated the last half of it. Then Dr. Gunz (Mr. Benedict accompanying) gave Schubert's *Lied*, "Der Neugierige" ("The Curious"). Then Madame Parepa sang Mr. Benedict's song, "The bird that came in spring" (accompanied by the composer). Then Mr. Moscheles extemporised at great length upon themes from the last three movements of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, mixing them up with "See the conquering hero comes" (in honor of Count Bismarck), and on being called back, resumed his seat, and played two more of the later *Etudes*, winding up with a *pezzo di bravura*.

Then there was "relache."

Then Dr. Gunz (accompanied either by Herr Otto Goldschmidt or Mr. Benedict) sang a German *Lied*, by one Weinewurm (R.)—"Schöne einrichtung" ("Beautiful Redress"). Then Madame Parepa (accompanied by the composer) sang two *Lieder* by Mr. Moscheles—"Botschaft" and "Frühlingslied" ("Message" and "Spring-song"), the words of the first "von E. Geibel" (Mendelssohn's poet), of the last "von Hölty" (we know nothing of "Hölty"). Then Mr. Moscheles and Herr Otto Goldschmidt, on the piano to the left, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Charles Hallé, on the piano to the right, played a *concertante* (the composition of Herr Moscheles), for four performers on two instruments, and bearing the suggestive title of *Les Contrastes*. Previous to this, however, as the following may testify:—

"Mr. Moscheles regrets to announce that Mdle. Artot is unable to appear this evening. Madame Parepa has kindly promised to sing an extra song by Benedict, 'The bird that came in spring;' and Herr Petersen (from Stockholm) has volunteered to play the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin"—

Herr Petersen (from Stockholm) did what he had volunteered to do (accompanied by Herr Otto Goldschmidt on the pianoforte). Then Madame Goldschmidt sang the *bravura*, "Ma la sola," from Bellini's forgotten opera, *Beatrice di Tenda*; and then (to conclude) the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon* was played on two pianofortes, by the forty fingers belonging to Messrs. Moscheles, Goldschmidt, Hallé, and Benedict.

Can a more varied entertainment of its kind be imagined? No—assuredly not. The audience were beside themselves.

C. FISH.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD left London on Thursday morning, for Boulogne-sur-Mer.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

SIR,—May I request you to glance at these two pictures?—

Plato complained of the decline of music. Modern ages regard such primitive regrets with benignant derision; yet as each epoch comes round in the history of the art, it never fails to inspire an obedience to that law of the human mind, by which the classic sage was himself unconsciously influenced, which makes us prefer the depressing effects of retrospective sighs to the calm contentment of actual possession, or the hopeful anticipations of what may come. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," so time hallows the recollections of departed events. Théophile Gautier has wished that sons could be their own progenitors, that they too might enjoy those glories of the past which seem to be the prerogative of our forefathers. Each individual magnifies his own importance; and each generation lives in the delusion that the short-lived period of existence is the point on which culminates the history of art, when the several stages are passed through, of growth, maturity, and decay. Disputes on the rise and decline of music can only be limited by the extinction of time, so far as judgment on its interpreters is concerned. Composers and dramatists can appeal to posterior opinions through the printed record of their powers, while executants can only impress their skill on the memory of their hearers. Fathers expatiating on the singers of their day, in comparison with the talents of their children's favourites, are treated with the same sort of compassion as that bestowed by Plato's successors on the absurdity of his regrets; for rarely do such opportunities occur of testing past repute as those afforded by the recent reappearances in public of Madame Grisi, whose name is now enshrined in the glories of a by-gone epoch; they terminated, as it were, the grand constellation of those brilliant planets which, appearing in what may be termed the Augustan age of music, when Italy poured forth, with dazzling celerity, the unrivalled materials of its artistic productions—yet shone with a more marked splendour than their then stary compeers. Grisi, uniting the irresistible charm of personal attractions to artistic gifts, that at once distanced rivalry except that of Malibran, was quickly raised to the pinnacle of fame; and Malibran's husband, De Beriot, deemed her an important adjunct to his wife, for he wished the letters that formed her name to be a yard long in his concert-halls. Since then the name has been written in characters of equal length on the hearts of those who cannot regret maturity of years, it having permitted them to be listeners. L. P.

In consistent pursuance of his most laudable practice of putting new life into the ageing classics of the lyric drama—masterpieces that may become antiquated in form, but can never grow old in spirit—Mr. Mapleson brought out *Semiramide*. To be once more in the noble presence of Rossini in his ante-Parisian time is like gazing after long seclusion at the glorious sea. The listener revels in the music as the valetudinarian rejoices in the pure, fresh breeze. And there is really some analogy between these diverse manifestations of bountiful nature; for in the "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" which the Swan of Pesaro pours forth we find the same sense of boundless power, the same changeful all-pervading beauty, the same easy insensible overcoming of all obstacles, that we wonder at in the "sea that bares her bosom to the moon." In no work of the master are these qualities so conspicuously evident as in *Semiramide*. The gloomy tragedy which has the Assyrian Queen, criminal and victim, for its guilty and hapless heroine, could have had but meagre attraction, one would think, for the genial, laughter-loving muse of Rossini. But he little troubled himself about such considerations. As lazy as he was gifted, he took the subject as it came, confident in the full consciousness of his own genius. It never entered his head to paint in the local colour which he used afterwards, in *Tell*, with such magical effect. He cared little even for dramatic *vérité*—*blance* and truth, as may be seen in the finale to the first act, where the populace give vent to their horror at the supernatural appearance of the ghost of their late lamented king in as jubilant a melody as even Rossini has ever written. Still less did he dream of curbing his florid style in situations of great dramatic interest, as he did later in the masterpiece on the fame of which he has since been content to rest. Had he in the writing of *Semiramide* been spurred onward by the determination of meeting the Halévy's and Meyerbeers on their own ground, and beating them there, his Babylonian tragedy might doubtless have been a higher, nobler, completer work—a fit companion to the Swiss drama which, though six-and-thirty years old, is, alas! the swan's song of the Pesarese *maestro*, who still lives and moves and has his being, still in profitless possession of all his genius, on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. But while under the spell of *Semiramide*, we are carried onward by the inexhaustible stream of melody that takes our senses entirely captive. D. T.

Each is worth an eye. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
Short Commons—Aug. 1.

T. DUFF SHORT.

MR. SHAVER SILVER ON THE CLASSICS.

SIR,—Whether it is that the public get tired sooner of what is commonly called "classical" music than of the music of operas, or for whatever other reason, our great orchestral societies have already finished their work for the season. The Musical Society of London, the youngest, was first to close its doors; then the New Philharmonic gave in; and now we have heard the last of the Old Philharmonic. At the concluding concert of the Old Philharmonic the programme had certainly a classical colour, or, perhaps, I should say in this case, a classical tone, though it could not be maintained that every piece included in it is entitled to be called "classical," or, in other words, to be looked upon as a classic. For instance, whatever rank may be assigned to Schumann's piano-forte concerto fifty years hence, it cannot (if the word has anything of the same meaning in music that belongs to it in literature) be called "classical" now. In music, however, the term in question is too often applied to works merely because they are written in the form of other works classical in the true sense of the word, and long accepted as models by educated musicians. In the same way the French call all verse of the Alexandrine pattern "heroic verse," however unheroic in substance. The notion that every symphony, stringed quartet, and concerto has a right to be styled classical, from the mere fact of being written in classical form, is a manifest absurdity; but it is an absurdity generally accepted (1a). A symphony, for instance, by Niels Gade, or even by one of Niels Gade's pupils, would be said to belong to classical music (1b); whereas no one would think—or at least no one would have thought during Meyerbeer's life-time—of calling the *Huguenots* classical (2a).

The term in literature which corresponds, more than any other, to that of "classical" in music, is "legitimate," as applied to stage plays. The "legitimate drama" includes all dramas, not being operas or melodramas, that happen to be written in the traditional five acts, as classical music includes all music in which the forms employed by the great masters are observed (2b). An opera may be played for fifty years, like Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, which has actually been half a century before the public, and yet not be formally numbered among the classics of the art (3); but symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartets, and all the varieties of "chamber music" (a perfectly intelligible and unobjectionable, though somewhat vague term) (4) seem at once, by an abuse of language, to be raised, as far as naming can raise them, to the highest rank (5).

However, our orchestral societies are conservative enough, and by no means over-anxious to introduce the works of composers whose merit is not universally acknowledged. We have only three societies at whose concerts instrumental music of a high class is to be heard; and those three give eighteen concerts in the season, all of which have taken place (6).

D. Peters, Esq.

SHAVER SILVER.

[1a) Eh?—(1b) By no means.—(2a) Why not?—(2b) Oh, no! no!—(3) On the contrary, the *Barbiere* has long passed into "classic."—(4) If "perfectly intelligible," how "somewhat vague"?—(5) Not by any manner of means. Mr. Shaver Silver is again "abroad." May his health benefit by the change.—(6) Too true, alas!—(For D. Peters, Esq.) ABRAHAM SILENT].

MR. BATEMAN'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. Bateman has already engaged for his approaching tour through the principal cities of America, in the forthcoming autumn and winter:—Madame Parepa, our renowned soprano; Signor Ferranti, the well-known *buffo*; Mr. Levy, the dashing cornet-a-piston (Cornet Levy); Herr Rosa, the able German violinist; Signor Fortuna (*basso baritone*); and Signor Brignoli, the silver-voiced tenor from the Royal Italian Opera, whose vogue in North and South America is notorious. Mr. J. L. Hatton, the popular composer, is to be conductor and accompanist. Further arrangements are pending. The concerts in Steinway's New Hall (New York) will be continued, on a scale of the greatest attraction, without interruption, till the spring.

MIDLE. ADELINA PATTI left London for the Continent on Monday morning. Her next professional engagement is at Hombourg, where she will sing (not play) at the Kursaal.

Notice.

TO HORACE MAYHEW, ESQ.

Should the commencement of the Concert be delayed, the indulgence of the audience is requested, as several Members of the Orchestra, having some distance to come, can only reach St. James's Hall in time to begin punctually provided there is no hindrance either by Rail or Road.

A. S. S.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I extract the following from your very lively contemporary, the *American Art Journal* (New York) and trust it may be acceptable to your readers:—

GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

"Two weeks ago we issued an extra edition of five hundred of our journal, on account of the great German Saengerfest in Providence, Rhode Island. We were roasted, baked, broiled, boiled, and basted while on duty at that second Athens in America, but still we did not flinch from recording the splendid doings of the German singing societies on that, by no means, festive occasion. Ours was the only account, critical and historical, of the proceedings,—although we acknowledge ourselves rather weak in our German quotations—and as it was done in our best style, it is needless to say that it could not be excelled. Well, we issued an extra edition of five hundred, and invested a few dollars in advertisements in choice German in the German papers, expecting that during the week there would be a Teutonic rush for the *Art Journal*, for we had not only given full particulars of the whole proceedings, but had given the names of all those who were engaged therein. We thought, of course, that each distinguished individual would be proud to preserve a record of the triumphs in which he assisted. We were, however, mistaken, for not one of our distinguished German friends invested ten cents upon this true and faithful history. Not one ten cents from the entire German Nation! We had mistaken the character of the people. We had not allowed for that native modesty, which achieves a great thing, yet blushes to find it fame. We expected a natural vanity, and we found a shrinking and sensitive humbleness which deprecates all notoriety.

We made a mistake, but we have got that German edition on hand. Of course our motive in issuing it was dictated by self-interest—a motive which is entirely unknown to those who speak the German language; and, as the mistake was our own, we are willing to make a sacrifice. We offer the whole lot at, we'll say, nine cents per pound, which is just one thousand per cent, less than they cost us. We'll throw in the string; but the terms are cash on delivery, and no discount. Quite a nice little amount could be made by trading them about. It's a good venture; who bids?"

Not to sympathize with the proprietors and managers of your very lively contemporary, is as impossible as it is for me not to be yours faithfully, to command,

S. T. TABLE.

D. Peters, Esq.

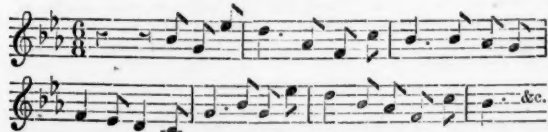
[The disappointment of the *A. A. J.* will find universal sympathy in the Old Country. Perhaps the German New-Yorkers were absorbed in the contemplation of some other *à propos*.

A. S. S.

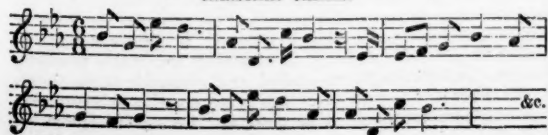
To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Could you enlighten an ignorant country professor as to the date of publication of Signor Costa's "Miriam at her harp," and Mr. Brinley Richards' "Christmas Chimes;" it might prove interesting.

MIRIAM AT HER HARP.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.



I am aware that Mr. Brinley Richards is a bard, although ignorant of his bardic appellation. But that has nothing to do with Miriam. Apologizing for giving you thus much trouble, I submit myself, yours obediently,

GEORGE GRIEF.

A. Silent, Esq.

[Mr. Grief need not have apologized to any one except to Bard Richards, who will perhaps take upon himself the trouble for which Mr. Grief apologizes unnecessarily in advance.—A. S. S.]

TO ABRAHAM SILENT, ESQ.

SIR,—Can you waive a compliment? I find the following in a paper of high repute, and from a pen of acknowledged eminence:—

"The glorious overture, as well as the popular duet, 'Giorno d'orrore,' were both redemanded, but in both cases the compliment was discreetly waived."

I wish to know whether one can waive a compliment. You, who know everything, will perhaps be good enough to decide. Bismark has a bet with the King about it and the question was submitted by the King to the decision of Napoleon III.; but on hearing that Bismark had requested me to address you on the subject, His French Majesty waived the privilege.—Yours faithfully,

A. LONGEARS.

Schloss Fuchs.

[One may weave, but not "waive," a compliment. You may "waive" but not weave a privilege.—A. S. SILENT.]

ACTOR AND PRIEST.

Dancourt occupies an honourable position among second-rate French Dramatic authors. His contributions to the stage comprise some sixty pieces little known to the present generation, though some were stock pieces at the Théâtre Français during the eighteenth century.

Les Bourgeoises de Qualité, first performed under the title of *La Fête de Village*, was revived under that name in 1724, and the revival affords evidence of the piece having been a tolerable success. Most of Dancourt's works are in prose, though he sometimes tried his hand at verse, but Pegasus proved restive. *La Mort d'Alceste*, a tragedy, played in 1704, was a failure, and the author made no more attempts of a similar kind.

Whenever one of his pieces was damned, which happened, as we see, sometimes, he used to go and drown his sorrow in the bottle, at a tavern called *La Cornemuse*. It is said that Molière used to consult his servant about his pieces. Dancourt was in the habit of asking the opinion of his daughter, Mimi, who afterwards went upon the stage. One day, as they were rehearsing a comedy of which he had great hopes, he suddenly said: "Well, Mimi, what do you think of it?"—"Ah, Papa," she replied ingeniously, "you will go and sup at *La Cornemuse*."

As an actor, Dancourt was above mediocrity. He was especially happy in high-comedy parts. He was excellent in *Le Misanthrope*. The characteristics of Dancourt's talent as a writer were nature and gaiety. He was, moreover, very easy in his dialogue. He had been brought up by the Jesuits. His conversational powers caused him to be run after by the very best society. One day, he happened to meet Father Delarue, his old professor, who, like everyone else, was charmed by his conversation. At length, Dancourt told the reverend father who he was. The Jesuit immediately began lecturing him on the profession which he had chosen, telling him that it was dangerous for the soul, and excluded him who followed it from the bosom of the church. For some time, Dancourt listened patiently, but, at length, being unable to contain himself any longer, he exclaimed: "Hang it, reverend father, what is the good of lecturing away in that manner? My profession is very nearly allied to yours. The only difference is, that you are comedian of the Pope, and I am simply comedian of the King."

ADAM GHOST.

NEW THEATRE AT LIVERPOOL.

SIR,—Judging from the plans, the new theatre will prove an ornamental addition to the architectural features of Lime Street. It is not of any distinctive style, but may be called a very free adaptation of the Italian. The Lime Street front will consist chiefly of brick, relieved by stone cornices and dressings. The elevation will be about sixty feet. On the ground floor the centre of the building is to be occupied by three fine shops, having large circular-headed windows, from which it is hoped to derive a handsome rental. These will be flanked at each end by entrances to the theatre—that on the south side, nearest Lord Nelson Street, leading through a wide doorway and vestibule to what is termed the pit circle, and at the other end, next to Coal Street, an ornamental iron gate will open into a carriage drive running the entire length of the building, from Lime Street to Pudsey Street. Here will be the entrances for the more fashionable class of visitors. Returning to the exterior aspect of the front, the second storey will be pierced by five large, highly-ornamented circular-headed windows of two lights each. Within the sweep of the outer arch of these windows are two minor arches, springing from twisted columns in the centre, and in the tympanums above are to be placed large carved heads of the most distinguished dramatic and operatic composers. Over these windows will be placed a massive stone cornice, and the whole is surmounted by a deep balustrade, 6 feet high, which effectually conceals the roof.

The interior arrangements are of the most commodious and in some respects elegant description. The theatre proper will be lofty and well proportioned. The ceiling, which will be richly decorated and 40 feet in diameter, is at a height of 40 feet above the floor of the pit-stalls. In the centre of the ceiling will hang a massive glass chandelier, 12 feet in diameter; the lights are to be enclosed in glass, and the ventilation will be so arranged that all the impure air will be drawn down to the burners, there consumed, and the fumes carried off by a large ventilator, 12 feet in diameter. Some novel innovations in the mode of distributing the audience—so far, at any rate, as English theatres are concerned—are to be introduced. For instance, the part usually appropriated to the "pitties" will in the Alexandra Theatre be occupied by pit-stalls, and reserved for those who can afford to pay liberally for amusement. At the back of the pit-stalls, and slightly above their level, will be the dress circle; above this, answering to the position of the upper boxes in the Theatre-Royal, is the pit circle, where the ordinary "pitties" will be accommodated; and above this again is the gallery. The latter does not extend along the sides of the house as usual, but stops short midway, and the rest of the space is occupied by side boxes. This arrangement is made in order that the "gods" may not have the opportunity of annoying the fashionables in the dress circle below. The following sitting accommodation is afforded in the different parts of the house:—Private boxes, 32; pit stalls, 115; dress circle, 139; pit circle, 510; gallery, 735; side boxes, 99; total, 1,630. In the event of a great "crush," standing room could be found for 250 more, making a total of 1,880. Since the plans were first prepared, arrangements have been made for enlarging the stage, which will be now of dimensions sufficiently ample to allow of the finest scenic displays being effected. By removing the scene-painting room to the side of the building, the stage has been considerably thrown back, and it will possess a depth of nearly 60 feet. From side to side the extreme width of the stage will be 78 feet, but deducting the room occupied by the flies, &c., there will still remain a clear space of about 65 feet.

The comfort and safety of those who patronize the theatre have been most carefully attended to. This is pre-eminently the case with respect to the superior class of visitors. Opening out of the carriage-drive already referred to are three wide entrances, which give admission to a "crush-room" of such large dimensions—51 feet by 25 feet—as to render its name a misnomer. From thence a noble stone staircase, 10 feet 6 inches wide, leads up to an ante-room, out of which you pass into the *foyer*, a fine apartment, 34 feet by 25 feet, which serves the purpose of a lounge and conversational room. Two wide doorways open out of this into a spacious and elegant corridor, leading direct to the dress circle, and from thence to the pit stalls and private boxes. Thus all the lower part of the house will be reserved for full-dress visitors. In this part of the building there are ladies' and gentlemen's retiring rooms, and indeed every convenience that the most approved experience could suggest. The supper and refreshment room will be a magnificent apartment. As already stated, the entrance to the pit circle will be out of Lime-street, at the north end of the building. The gallery entrance will be in the rear of the theatre, in Pudsey Street, from whence a long fire-proof passage will lead to a stone staircase 6 feet 6 inches wide. A most commendable feature in the arrangements is that all the principal modes of ingress and egress are sufficiently capacious to admit of the audience escaping from the building in a short space of time in the event of fire. In the carriage drive, opposite the entrances, are two gates opening into Coal Street, so that

in case of a rush people might escape through them as well as along the drive. The offices connected with the theatre are placed in the rear of the building, and the accommodation afforded for the artistes engaged are of a superior kind.

As stated in the report presented to the shareholders of the company at its last meeting, the foundations of the theatre have been excavated, and the main walls erected to 18 inches above the ground level, at a cost of £1,457. The estimate for the building is £13,000, but £15,000 has been allowed, while £5,000 is proposed to be expended on the furniture and decorations. The land has been purchased for £15,750. The architect is Mr. Salomons, of Liverpool and Manchester, and the work will be carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr. Thomas Taylor Wainwright. Messrs. Jones and Sons are the builders. D. Peters, Esq. LAVENDER PITT.

SONG BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

SIR,—In such a region of vegetable luxuriance we might expect animal life to display its wonders and varieties of being, and here the numerous tribes of gay-plumaged and vocal birds, the brilliant and sometimes huge reptiles, and the innumerable moths, flies, and leaping and bounding things, add the charm of animated and sensuous existence to wilds which, however beautiful, were otherwise but tame and unattractive. In the lonely dells of the forest, where the crystal brooks brawl among the pebbles, the kildeer plover wheels in swift flight around the traveller's head; in the rushy shallows the snowy gaulin is seen watching for its aquatic prey, and from the underwood, hard by, the soft cooing of the peadoves comes mournfully, yet soothingly, to the ear; while now and then the plump bird alights on the sward to pick the fallen fruit of the pimento trees, or to look upon the observer with its full, liquid, gentle eyes. In the same spots may be heard the note of the pretty Jamaica sparrow, repeating "tichicro! chi-chi-tichicro" from his grassy cover; and where the orange groves and pimento trees fringe the way to the negro village the wild canary hops and twitters—an imported stranger, who has lost in song what he has gained in colour. Numerous pigeons and partridges are common in these woods, and the green tody, or robin redbreast of the colonists, is particularly abundant, and though with brighter colouring than our own robin, with much the same fearless habit—sitting on the roadside bush, and almost brushing the face of the traveller as he passes. Among the mountains of the Bluefields ridge there are few birds, but such as are found are of peculiar interest. The jabbering crow gives utterance to strange articulations, as, from the topmost branch of the highest tree, he calls on his fellows, or sails on labouring wings from one tree to another. This is the region, too, of the solitaire—a mysterious recluse—who just before daybreak ravishes the ear of the wanderer with his flute-like tones, which fall like the measured notes of a psalm. One, and another, and another, take up the strain, till the mellow tones come from all parts of the surrounding woods, startling the ear when not accustomed to it, and charming it when it is. The lovely humming-bird, too, is a frequenter of these regions, and flits and hovers about the flowering trees all day long, sipping with its long bill the honey from their blossoms, and peeping fearlessly under the broad hat of the wanderer, almost startling him with their matchless beauty of metallic plumage, changing into innumerable shades of lustre with the fitful motions of the bee-like bird. At night, every part of the island is vocal with the varied song of the mocking-bird—the nightingale of the tropics. Under the blue sky and the silver moonlight which in Jamaica surpasses in their beauty the brightest imaginings of modern poets—the soft cadences of the breeze sweeping over the grassy sward, or rustling through the embowered woods, is delightfully varied with the notes of this prince of songsters, who, taking his seat on the highest twig of an orange tree, pours forth rich and solemn gushes of melody, as earnestly as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighbouring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers in rivalry, until the blue midnight rings with bursts, and swells, and tender cadences, as if the stars themselves were singing.

D. Peters, Esq.

CONSTANTIA JULIA FINCH.

TREBELLI-BETTINI'S ARSACE.—The contralto part, the voice most affected by Rossini and unduly slighted by his successors, is undertaken by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who in fidelity of execution, as well as in personal aptitude for the graceful character of Arsace, could not find a rival in Europe. In beauty of voice, in perfect elegance of phrasing, in absolutely immovable precision, Madame Trebelli is alike unequalled, and, admirable as she always is, she is not seen to such advantage in any opera as in *Semiramide*. ["Immovable precision" is as good as "the mobbed Queen."—A. S. S.]

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—As Mr. Gye closed his theatre on Saturday evening, and as another week or so will complete the series of Mr. Mapleson's "Farewell performances at reduced prices," it may not be inopportune for me to offer at once such general remarks as I have to make on the Opera season.—Your obedient servant,

D. Peters, Esq.

LAVENDER PITT.

[Just now it would be very inopportune, seeing that the paper is full.—A. S. S.]

M. FAURE has returned to Paris. His *rentrée* was to take place in the French version of Mozart's *Don Juan*, at the Grand Opera.

MR. WILBYE COOPER, attended by Signor Pinsuti and Signor Ciabatta, started for Paris on Thursday at 10 a.m.

MR. JOHN K. PAINE, the young American composer and organist, whose new Mass in D major (dedicated to his master in counterpoint, August Haupt, of Berlin) was recently performed by one of the Boston societies, has reached London, *en route* for the Continent.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY resumes his position as acting manager to Mr. Alfred Mellon for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. This announcement is a guarantee that the general arrangements will be carried out in a manner at once satisfactory to Mr. Mellon and the public, as all can bear testimony to the untiring zeal and invariable courtesy with which Mr. Edward Murray discharges his onerous duties.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—The aristocratic cricketers known as the "I Zingari" Club, who annually combine a week's cricketing with amateur theatrical performances at Canterbury, have this year selected Miss Milly Palmer as their "leading lady." Their performances take place next week, when Miss Palmer will play Mrs. Mildmay and Mrs. Smylie in *Still Waters Run Deep*, and *Nine Points of the Law*. The same popular and fascinating actress will shortly make her *début* at the Olympic Theatre in a new Irish drama by Mr. Tom Taylor. In this piece Miss Palmer—who has played Arrah-na-Pogue for upwards of 200 nights in the chief provincial theatres with the greatest success—will doubtless add to her metropolitan reputation by her assumption of an Irish rôle.

MR. ASCHER has left London for Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he is engaged to play, on Tuesday evening, at the Philharmonic Society's concert.

MRS. C. L. FISENDEN gave an evening concert at Blackheath on Thursday last, when the Assembly Rooms of the Green Man were fully and fashionably attended. Mrs. Fisenden made her *début* in public on the occasion, and fully justified the opinions of her friends, that she was qualified to take an excellent position as an artist. A slight degree of nervousness was, of course, visible in the fair *beneficiare*, but it did not in the least impair her vocal or instrumental powers. Her performance of Moscheles' Brilliant Rondo in A as a duet for the pianoforte (in which she had the valuable assistance of Mr. W. H. Holmes), and of Thalberg's fantasia on *Les Huguenots*, for piano alone, proved that she possessed capital execution and excellent taste; while the selection of the Andante and Variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (violin, Mr. H. Blagrove)—her best performance, by-the-bye—showed that she had not omitted to study the works of the classical composers. Again, among her vocal displays, Mozart's "Vedrai, Carino" was her greatest triumph, although she sang, exceeding well, a *Lied* by Herr Reichardt and a duet (with Miss Fanny Arnytage) by Mr. Walstein. We need hardly say that the audience warmly applauded Mrs. Fisenden after each of her performances, and at the conclusion of the concert must have been greatly pleased by the spirited manner in which she had played Herr Ganz's popular "Qui Vive" Galop. Mrs. Fisenden was assisted, besides the artists we have already named, by Miss Fanny Arnytage, Madame Weiss, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. J. B. Chatterton, whose talents helped to render her concert one of the most pleasing we have listened to for a long time at Blackheath. W.

PRAGUE.—The Provincial Government of Bohemia have awarded the manager of the German Landestheater a compensation of three thousand florins, in consideration of the losses he has sustained in consequence of the unfavourable state of public affairs.

Pips from Punch.

PIP I.

GROANS FROM NORTH LONDON.—SIR, MR. PUNCH.—"Travellers all, of every station" (as Mr. Balfie sings) and I may add, at every station, as naturally turn to you in the hour of their distress, as they do in the hour of their joy. Hear a melancholy tale.

The scene is the North London Railway. On Monday last, I got in at Stepney (you have heard of the Bells of Stepney, Sir, and that this is erroneously supposed to be the parish of all who are born at sea?) that I might go to Highbury. I suppose there is no harm in going to Highbury. Whenever, as the Scotch say, but I mean as soon as the train was in motion, a lad struck up a tune on a fiddle, and played three or four old airs very hurriedly and very badly, handed round his cap, and got out at the first station we came to, to get into another carriage and repeat the nuisance. Several city gentlemen complained most lustily against such unwelcome visitors. I thought we were lucky to have got rid of him so quickly. So I proceeded, in the best of temper, to Dalston, where, by some ingenious time-table planning, passengers have to change carriages and wait ten or fifteen minutes. There we had a band of niggers, of whom I know that you are intensely fond. When at last a train did come, I found I had got into a carriage where there was a man with a melancholy accordion. He played it, Sir, and begged. Do you like accordions, Sir? It happens that I don't. Do you like beggars, Sir? I don't.

Well, Sir, the next day, going in an opposite direction on the same line, I had to change my seat three times to avoid the same wretch, with the same instrument of torture. Again I found myself on the Dalston Junction Platform, where the previous days' entertainment was varied by having, instead of the niggers, a little boy and girl, aged about five and six respectively, with a whistle and some other instrument. Anything more horrible than the noise they made, I cannot conceive. It must have been instantly fatal to any quantity of old cows. I abstain from interpolating a Rinderpest joke, it is not because I am deterred by your menaces, but because I am in no mood for jocularity. Pray, Mr. Punch, suggest a remedy for our miseries, and believe me, your attached admirer,

A CITIZEN WITH NERVES.

[Does our Correspondent mean to say that the above atrocities were perpetrated in first-class carriages? If not, the subject has slight interest for the Duke of Punch and his aristocratic readers. But, if such were the case, we advise that the matter be brought before Parliament on its re-assembling. Is it for this that Railway Tyranny is permitted to ride rough-shod over the British hearth? Meantime, have "City Gentlemen" no toes to their boots, and have carriages no doors for the ejection of tormentors?]

[With MR. PUNCH's hearty greetings to MR. D. PETERS.]

Punch.

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